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## BRIEF MENTION.

A candid confession is good for the soul, as the saying is, however bad it may be for the reputation, and *Brief Mention* is my confessional; and so I frankly confess that next to translations, I have learned to abominate historical novels, once the joy of my heart. For me, in my old age, historical novels fall into just two classes. Either I know the period after a fashion and then I am irritated by all manner of trifling incongruities or harassed by importunate questionings; or I don't know the period and then I am filled with disgust at my own ignorance, a disgust not unaccompanied by a vague suspicion of my authority for the time being. Correcting exercises, correcting proof breeds a deplorably criticastrous habit of mind. 'One can always give one's self up to one's impressions' said Oscar Wilde to me once with an air of profound conviction. Alas! that holds too well of the queasiness that so easily besets one as one reaches the multitudinous seas of the historical novel. In one of Ebers' performances the functionary known to Diodoros as the 'paraschist' or 'side-slitter' appears as the 'paraschit'—doubtless a typographical error in a cheap edition, but I have forgotten the story and remember only the 'paraschit'. To a native South Carolinian it was not the least of Mrs. Stowe's crimes that she called her villain 'Legree', the popular pronunciation of Legaré, a name made illustrious by a famous jurist. To the ear of a native Athenian it would have been worse than a crime to call a slave, however honest, by the name of 'Antiphon', as happened the other day in a novel written 'out of an intimate knowledge and passionate love of things Greek'. The Antiphons were all gentlemen from Antiphon of Rhamnus down to the Antiphos of Plautus and Terence. Were there no slave names in Attica? One invokes Nemesis, the goddess of Rhamnus, and cries with Dionysos in the play, *ποῦ Ξαρχίας*; In the same book there is a pretty scene in which a boy hero buries his hand in the pink blossoms of the almond tree, which flourishes for most of us only in the Authorized Version of Ecclesiastes, but we are in the month of April and the almond tree must have been long out of bloom according to Pliny. The trip from Athens to Megara is a day's journey. The distance in miles doesn't matter. Baedeker, practical German that he is, deals with hours not miles, and on my way from the Piraeus to Athens I had to fall back on the forty stades of Thukydidēs. But in the book I am thinking of 'Hoc iter ignavi divisimus' and the journey was broken at Eleusis. From Athens to Eleusis is two hours and a half by

carriage. 'Good walkers require four hours' says Baedeker, and yet our travellers start at sunrise and do not reach Eleusis until the cool of the evening—'weary with the first day's journeying', this strapping Spartan woman and this lively Athenian boy, who afterward leaps the whole way from Eleusis to Megara.

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When we reach Nemea we are informed à propos of the Nemean games that 'gentle Pindar'—who is one of the characters of the book—'was as yet silent; only his heart within him was lifting and pulsing songs yet to be'. I have resented the comparison of Pindar to a mastodon (A. J. P. XXVI 115), but I should never have thought of him as a tame cat, and in 493 he must have been articulate, for he was only twenty when he indited the famous Tenth Pythian for Hippokleas of Thessaly. And indeed, further on, we are told that six years before the youthful hero was able 'to sing whole passages of Homer and almost all the odes that Pindar had as yet composed'—a slight inconsistency, which would not disturb the normal reader. It is an old observation that no department of literature is so full of chronological misstatements as memoirs, and yet memoirs are written or are supposed to be written out of intimate knowledge. I am making slow progress with the book, as slow as the hero and his mother made towards Eleusis, but I came very near refusing to take the trip at all because I was confronted at the outset by the improbable combination of an Athenian husband and a Spartan wife, the same combination one finds in other historical novels. True, the author is well aware of the unnaturalness of the whole thing, but the machinery by which the marriage is brought about does not work very well, and the details are not very satisfactory. True, there is one historical Athenian on record who buried a Lakonian wife, but that was after Eukleides, and if one must have such a union why not take Alkibiades and Timaiia, who were husband and wife 'in the sight of God'—a sentimental phrase which means 'by the instigation of the devil'? True, there was scant ceremony about a Spartan marriage, no wedding that could be called a wedding, but our Athenian bridegroom did not conform to the Spartan usage, as laid down in the books, and simply repeated the performance of Theseus, but more effectively. One loses one's self in imagining the trouble our Spartan *φαινομένης* had with the 'Saintes Nitouches' of Athens and the trouble the young father would have had when he came to register the boy in the *ληξιαρχικόν*. Fortunately the father died before the time came, and perhaps after all the Athenians were not so particular before the revision of Perikles. The boy went with his mother when she returned to Sparta and in a few days he learned to swear like the Spartans and the *μὰ τὸ θεῷ* of the Athenian women 'who', we are told 'talked that

half obsolete dialect which the men of Athens scarcely understood', became the *μὰ τῷ σιῷ* of the Spartan lads. But the theme is as inexhaustible as are the merits and demerits of translations, and this is *Brief Mention*.

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Mr. PEARSON'S *Phoenissae* (Cambridge University) would have been noticed at some length long ago, if the editor had not diverted me from my purpose by bringing out HEADLAM'S *Agamemnon* and now that I despair of doing exact justice to the work of that remarkable scholar, I come back to Mr. PEARSON for a few inconsequential remarks. In his Introduction to the play, Mr. PEARSON quotes a marginal note of Macaulay's in which he recorded the confession: 'I can hardly account for the contempt which at school or college I felt for Euripides. I own that I like him now better than Sophocles'. 'It is a common experience', adds Mr. PEARSON, and he might have adduced the example of Wilamowitz, who tells us in a footnote to his edition of Hercules Furens (v. 637) how he talked to Jakob Bernays about Euripides in the bejaune style that Schlegel had brought into vogue, and how Bernays took down a text of the poet and read the beginning of the ode saying: 'Wait until you get older and you will see what that means'. That was in 1867. In 1867 Bernays, only a few years my senior, could not be called an old man, but he had reached the age when one begins to sigh for youth, the age when the Euripidean 'Qu'on est bien à vingt ans' begins to appeal to a man.<sup>1</sup> In any case it was a good selection to shew the charm of Euripides the Human, and it evidently impressed the future author of the *Analecta Euripidea*, the future *Sospitator Euripidis*. The personality of Bernays may have had something to do with it. In 1852-3 when I was at Bonn, I followed Bernays's lectures on Thukydides' speeches and Aristotle's Poetics, and, though he was in the beginning of his career as a teacher, he influenced me more profoundly than did some of my older and more distinguished professors. 'Though?' Perhaps I should have said, 'because'. The young teacher often produces by the edge of his own enthusiasm an effect which the weight of the senior's accumulated learning fails to make. I never think of Bernays without gratitude because it was he who led me into the study that resulted in my doctoral dissertation, which is an *aureum milliarium* in a student's life, in fact, the culmination of many careers. But in my talks with Bernays we never chanced upon Euripides, and for many years I was under the domination of Schlegel, and followed the trend of

<sup>1</sup> ἂ νεότας μοι φίλον· ἄχθος δὲ τὸ γῆρας αἰεὶ | βαρύτερον Αἰτνας σκοπέλων ἐπὶ  
κρατὶ κεῖται, | βλεφάρων σκοτεινὸν φῶς ἐπικαλύψαν. | μὴ μοι μήτ' Ἀσιήτιδος | τυ-  
ραννίδος δόλβος εἴη, | μὴ χρυσοῦ δώματα πλήρη | τᾶς ἥβας ἀντιλαβεῖν, | ἂ καλλίστα  
μὲν ἐν ὀλβῳ, | καλλίστα δ' ἐν πενίᾳ.

aesthetic criticism that swayed the Germany of my time. The average Teutonic Hellenist of that day was a 'Euripidesfresser' as Menzel was a 'Franzosenfresser' and it is not surprising that a youthful Teutonomanic should have been caught by what was really a national movement. 'Quo semel est imbuta recens', and for the twenty years of my service at the University of Virginia, Euripides was relegated to the category of extra-reading. But while I never went so far in my antagonism to Euripides as did Jebb (A. J. P. XXVIII 485) the experience of life has never brought me quite so far as it brought Macaulay; and the *Phoenissae* so long the butt of adverse criticism is not the play I should select as an introduction to the study of the great poet, whom it is safe enough to admire now.

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Περιπαθεῖς ἄγαν αἱ Φοίνισσαι τῇ τραγωδίᾳ, says the hypothesis and we cannot afford to thrust aside these old criticisms which a young scholar has recently done well to collect for the benefit of those who are apt to set up their own judgment against the traditional wisdom of antiquity. περιπαθεῖς ἄγαν αἱ Φοίνισσαι and the accumulation of horrors is not redeemed by the multitude of wise saws which would go far to redeem anything in the eyes of the ancient commentators, who all took Aeschines' practical view of the value of poetry which Krüger made the motto of his grammar. But the fact that the play was a famous play, 'that it held the stage after Euripides' death, and that it is one of those three which continued to be played until the later Byzantine era', would of itself make the *Phoenissae* an interesting problem; and as there has been no English edition of the play since Paley's, Mr. PEARSON has done good service in bringing to bear upon the elucidation of the *Phoenissae* the equipment which he has acquired in his previous editions of Euripidean plays, which do not belong to the *non ragioniam di lor* class with which so many manufactures are to be numbered. We are not in accord on many points of nomenclature and interpretation, but what of that? What if Mr. PEARSON calls the plural for the singular as others use an 'allusive' plural? 'Elusive' would be a better word, to judge by a recent monograph on the subject, but neither 'allusive' nor 'elusive' puts the finger on the phenomenon. 'Monistic' might answer and one has a choice between 'centripetal', which would be 'allusive', and 'centrifugal', which would be 'elusive'. What if Mr. PEARSON emphasizes the local element of the dative as do other noted scholars whereas I have insisted on the personal element in poetry and especially in Euripides with whom the semi-personification is a mania as is shown by his use of δοῦναι, which amounts to a sentimental mannerism? 'In poetry' I have said 'the warm personal dative is to be preferred everywhere to the cold local dative'

(A. J. P. XXIII 21) and 'instead of flattening antique personification let us emboss our own' (Pindar O. 2, 90). Of course, I am a slave to my own doctrines, but why emphasize them at the expense of a commentator who has earned a right to his own judgment in such matters? Why, I took up the other day a fire-new edition of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and found a lot of things that I might construe as flat contradictions of my teachings, if I dared to suppose that the run of commentators care for the discussions contained in the *Journal*. So boys are taught to translate *οὐκ ἦγον* as if it were *οὐκ ἦγαγον* (S. C. G. 216) which can only mean that *ἦγον* is an aoristic imperfect, a subversive doctrine, according to A. J. P. XXIV 180; XXIX 304 (cf. IV 160); they are taught that *πρίν* with infinitive = *πρίν* with optative (4, 5, 30) is a remarkable irregularity (A. J. P. II 476) and that there is no difference between *εἰ* with the future indicative and *εἰάν* with the subjunctive in a passage (3, 1, 13) which I might have cited thirty-five years ago to show the characteristic difference between the two constructions. The revolt against the dread alternative is followed by a sober calculation of chances—the every-day conditional. Now if these things are done in the dry tree of the *Anabasis*, which has been ground to sawdust by Joost, what might not be done in the green tree of Euripidean poetry? But I forbear.

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*Daos* by the author of the treatise on Theocritus of which *Brief Mention* was made more than ten years ago (A. J. P. XXI 350) is just one of those books that I should like to condense for the benefit of those who have not the time to read a volume of nearly seven hundred pages on the New Comedy (*Daos, Tableau de la Comédie grecque pendant la période dite nouvelle*. Paris, A. Fontemoing) for M. LEGRAND belongs to the new generation of French scholars who combine a knowledge of the results of Transrhenan learning with the native grace which outsiders must be content to envy, so that the toil is beguiled by the pleasure. Unfortunately in the condensation the charm would be lost. Of course, in this work much is said about the New Menander, which, to be frank, was a prodigious disappointment to those who had not been braced by previous undceptions. 'If we only had this and if we only had that', and when we get this and when we get that, we find that the best wine has lain in our bins all the while. I am contemporary with most of those disillusionments. The growl over Fronto (A. J. P. XXV 358) had not ceased its reverberation in the time of my apprenticeship (1850-1853). Every lecturer on Roman literature at that day fastened his hook in the prostrate form of the good old African and Naber's edition is a 'ducitur unco'. I think over all the great discoveries—Hypereides, intimately associated with my favorite teacher Schneidewin, Aristotle's Constitution

of Athens, Herondas, Bakchylides, Timotheos, the various lyric fragments—all welcome, all illuminating. It is not necessary to extol the treasures that Egypt has yielded, and yet there are moods in which one understands Mr. RIDGEWAY, whose outspokenness is delightful, when he says (*The Origin of Tragedy*, p. 148):

No matter how meritorious are the results of the labours of archaeologists and papyrographers, it must be confessed that neither the *Polity of the Athenians* nor the recently discovered work of an historian of the fourth century B. C., although valuable as historical documents, has much claim to literary merit. Bacchylides has proved very disappointing, and the recently discovered remains of Menander still more so, while the new fragments of Pindar have only furnished us with examples of his work far inferior to those great Epinician Odes that have made the Theban eagle famous through the ages. Of Herondas it may be said that if his writings were again lost, Greek literature would not be much the poorer. The verdict of men of culture, arrived at in the long lapse of time, has been profoundly just. Not only is it the truly great writers—Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides—that have come down to us, but the best productions of these authors, as is clearly seen in the case of the recently discovered fragments of Pindar.

But even those who stood at the birth of the New Menander were not unduly enthusiastic, and in one of the earliest appreciations which one finds in the Bodin-Mazon *Extraits d'Aristophane et de Ménandre* the estimate is remarkable for its balance in view of the newness of the discovery. In fact, for real enthusiasm we have to look to Professor SHOWERMAN'S review of Professor CAPPS' edition of *Four Plays of Menander* (Ginn), a memorable work for which all Greek scholars are duly grateful. In the wake of this achievement we shall doubtless have a number of dissertations dealing with various sides of the poet's language and art, and I myself have been guilty of suggesting a study of Menander's use of the perfect tense (A. J. P. XXIX 390). There is enough of Menander to begin the business of tabulating his usage, if it were only to prove by figures the correctness of early impressions. Wilamowitz is emphatic as to the normality of Menander's verse. Menander, he says, is as correct as Aristophanes, and what Menander is in his verse, he is elsewhere, and by his *Studies in Menander* (Bryn Mawr, The Author, \$1) Dr. F. WARREN WRIGHT has amply confirmed the impression of conventionality. The chapter of Oaths in Menander with its portentous array of literature brings us to the expected result, that 'the characters in Menander used the oaths generally used in other Greek comedies and presumably by the mass of the people', with the droll inference, 'the oaths in Menander, therefore, furnish additional evidence that his language was closely imitative of the language of the common people'. The presumption of the first sentence becomes the proof of the second. In Menander as elsewhere the oath by Zeus is the most common and the least significant. In later Greek it is often

found as one word without the compliment of a capital letter; and there is not the slightest use in trying to find out any special propriety in an oath that is as wide as heaven itself. Of course, when epithets are used, the case is different. The assignment of oaths according to the sexes is familiar from Aristophanes who makes a point of it, but the attempt to find a special propriety in every oath is doomed to failure. In the last analysis the special propriety oath is a manner of Bob Acres oath of which Aristophanes sets the pattern in the *Birds*, *μὰ παγίδας, μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα*; but such exactness is not compatible with the excitement of the situation that elicits the oath, to say nothing of the verse. Chaucer is careful to tell us how daintily the prioress swore, but I venture to say that the oaths in Shakespeare would defy any such analysis as Dr. WRIGHT has applied to the oaths in Menander. Neil's suggestion that the oath by Poseidon is the oath of the conservative is seductive, especially in view of the aristocratic character of names in *-ιππος*, but Dr. WRIGHT has relegated that observation to a footnote. 'Young men', he says, 'swore by Poseidon only for special reasons; but with old men the oath was almost a commonplace. Women never swore by Poseidon', but women's swearing range is limited at any rate. In reading Lucian it has seemed to me that he is more prone to special propriety oaths than native writers, but I have long since learned to distrust impressions. But comment on the details of this part of the study would carry me beyond the bounds of *Brief Mention*.

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The second chapter deals with quantity by position before mutes and liquids in the iambic trimeters and trochaic tetrameters of Menander. The general subject has an enormous literature, but the main facts are familiar. *γμ, γν, δμ, δν* always make position; *βα* and *γλ* regularly do, in Aristophanes always. The remaining combinations, which constitute the vast majority, have as a rule no effect upon the quantity of a preceding short syllable. When Aristophanes says *Καννίου* (Vesp. 251) we know that he is jesting. This difference between Attic and Epic is very interesting to the student of Pindar because it has been shown that in the lighter logaoedic measures Pindar inclines to the Attic norm, in the graver dactylo-epitrites to the Epic norm (A. J. P. XIII 385; XXVII 381). What has become of this pretty distinction in the recent upturning of Greek metres, I prefer not to inquire (A. J. P. XXXI 126). Suffice it for the present purpose to say that Dr. WRIGHT has after detailed discussion reached the conclusion, for which Wilamowitz had prepared us, 'Menander's prosodic treatment of syllables before a mute and liquid was not a whit different from that of Aristophanes'. And the conclusion of the third chapter On the Omission of the Article shows that the faithful lover of Glykera



was faithful here also, faithful at least in human measure, and 'sparingly', probably never directly contravened the usage of prose by omitting the article for the sake of his verse. Really the normality of Menander is almost oppressive, and he ought to have lived to a good old age instead of losing his life at an early age by yielding to the 'placidi pellacia ponti'. The fourth chapter of Dr. WRIGHT's dissertation deals with Asyndeton, which Demetrius Phalereus tells us is a characteristic of Menander (A. J. P. XXIX 327). Asyndeton is so natural to us that we have to acquire the feeling for it in Greek and learn to miss the hooks and eyes of the Greek sentence. English writers are capable of reeling off yards of narrative without a conjunction. The latest fad in French literature, Marie-Claire, abounds in ἀσύνδετον and ὁρθότης, both marks to a Greek of inartificiality—real or mock. Of course, extremes meet, and the elevated style of Pindar abounds so much in asyndeton that Dissen has written a special excursus on the subject, which I do not intend to do. Dr. WRIGHT's conclusion is that the poet used asyndeton so freely in order that as a playwright he might enliven his verse and make it more appropriate to the dramatic style. It is always a pleasure to have impressions confirmed, and if there is no surprise in Dr. WRIGHT's dissertation, the work was worth doing.

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In the last number of the Journal Professor RAND has referred to the admirable study of the Five Ages of Hesiod, contained in the *Genethliakon* dedicated to Carl Robert on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday (Berlin, Weidmann), in which EDUARD MEYER has brought the personality of the poet of Askra much nearer to us, though, to be sure, Hesiod never dwelt apart from everyday humanity. Of especial interest to me in view of earlier studies is the footnote (p. 103) in which Professor MEYER traces the history of Hesiod's married life; how in his poverty-stricken youth he was sadly plagued by his Xanthippe, but how as he grew old and had gathered gear and his wife cared less for dress, he seems to have been on more comfortable terms with his other half, though he never shews the same resigned spirit as Sokrates, and breaks out every now and then in drastic expressions. But Sokrates never wavered in his belief in Xanthippe's fidelity, whereas I, for one, cannot suppress the suspicion of a sinister meaning in the famous line

τίκτουσιν δὲ γυναῖκες εὐκότα τέκνα γονεῦσιν,

as well as in v. 166

οὐδὲ πατὴρ παῖδεςσιν ὁμοῖος οὐδέ τι παῖδες.

There may have been a 'sport' among the children of the couple in whose conjugal relations Professor MEYER has shewn and

roused such interest. And if we are to press modern biographical analogies, it was to such a 'sport' that Stesichoros owed his parentage.

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There are other papers in the *Genethliakon* besides EDUARD MEYER's that deserve longer notice than can be accorded to them in *Brief Mention*. Of the *Three Chapters of Elean History* the most interesting for the student of Pindar is the third, in which BENEDICTUS NIESE maintains that there was no such independent community as Pisatis until 365 and 364 B. C. when the Arcadians cut off a part of Elis under that name and incorporated it into the Arcadian League. Busolt is right, Swoboda and Frazer wrong. There never was such a *πόλις* as Pisa. Pisa was originally the name of the territory in which Olympia lay and became simply the equivalent—poetical or other of Olympia. It was just a part of Elis and the later history of the district was merely projected into the earlier. A similar projection is to be found in WISSOWA's *Naevius and the Metelli*. The familiar 'model' Saturnian 'Malum dabunt Metelli Naevio poetae' was manufactured by Caesius Bassus in the time of Nero, a droll model at best, inasmuch as it has no real fellow in our store of genuine Saturnians. The verse to which it is supposed to be a retort, 'Fato Metelli Romae fiunt consules' is no Saturnian at all but simply an old-fashioned senarius, and Zumpt was right when he maintained many years ago that in the time of Naevius the Metelli had not begun to play so conspicuous a part in the official life of Rome as the squib implies. Far different was the case two or three generations after Naevius when there were consuls out of the Metellus family enough and to spare; when in the space of some twenty years six consulships, four censorships and five triumphs fell to the lot of six descendants of the Metelli of Naevius' time. Indeed, it has been suggested that the saying, 'Fato Metelli', was made up by some grammarian who had nothing better to do, out of the words of Cicero who first alludes to the fatality of the Metellan consulship, but Wissowa rejects this hypothesis. It was one of those jokes that passed from mouth to mouth among the Roman populace and the response to it was fashioned by the grammarian already mentioned, and the whole thing foisted upon Naevius and the Metelli of his time. And so one of the most famous sayings in the history of Roman literature is sent to keep company with other famous sayings, the saying of Cambronne at the battle of Waterloo and the saying attributed to the Comte d'Artois, the future Charles X, when he reëntered Paris.

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Another Pindaric note, which may serve as a stopgap. I have long wanted to know who first interpreted Pindar's *ἰοστήφανοι* 'Ἀθῆναι' as a reference to the amethystine hues of the garland

of mountains that encompasses Athens, as I phrased it in *Hellas and Hesperia* (p. 40), and otherwise elsewhere. In an article on *Aristophanes and Nature* written à propos of Rostand's Chantecler and published in the *Revue de Paris* for October, 1910, M. PAUL GIRARD attributes the interpretation to the historian Paparrhigopoulos 'homme de grande valeur', and, like all the Greeks I have ever known, a passionate lover of his country, and then the author goes on to say that Aristophanes would have laughed at the 'patriotique contresens'. Perhaps so, but Aristophanes would have laughed also at M. GIRARD'S misinterpretation of Ach. 635, where the *ύμᾱς* does not mean the Athenians themselves as is evident from the two other passages in which Aristophanes quotes Pindar's *ιοστέφανοι* 'Ἀθῆναι Eq. 1323 and 1329, nay, as is evident from the context of the passage in the Acharnians

*εἰ δέ τις ύμᾱς υποθωπέυσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειεν 'Αθήνας  
εὔρετο πᾶν ἄν διὰ τὰς λιπαράς.*

It is to me inconceivable that the Athenians should have sat up in ecstasy at being told that they were in the habit of wearing what M. GIRARD calls their pet flower; and if Aristophanes thought of the fragrant violets—were they our violets?—that perfumed the fields of Athmonon and furnished forth the favorite wreaths of the Athenians, the Pindaric scholar has a right to read his *ιοστέφανοι* 'Ἀθῆναι by the mystic light of the Sixth Olympian—*τοῦτ' ὄννυ' ἀθάνατον*—if not by the violet hues of the mountains that I gazed on with swelling heart fifteen years ago as I was leaving Athens doubtless forever and sailing on the watery paths that lead to Byzantium. But, if I remember aright, Ernst Curtius saw in *ιοστέφανοι* a reference to the Ionian kinship of Athens. No interpreter possesses an achromatic lens.

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Out of the mass of examples in Professor R. B. STEELE'S *Conditional Sentences in Livy* (Leipzig, R. Brockhaus) I gather one or two things that I am inclined to emphasize. Nothing could prove more distinctly the perverseness of comparing the Latin present subjunctive with the Greek subjunctive in conditional relations than the extreme rarity of *si* with the present subjunctive in the protasis and the future indicative in the apodosis for which STEELE cites only four examples, all the subjunctives being translatable by the Greek optative. In like manner *ac si* with the present subjunctive corresponds to *ὥσπερ εἰ* with the optative, as I have urged before (A. J. P. XXII 65; XXV 481; XXX 11). In summing up the author remarks that in Livy 'the unreal conditions are far more numerous than the ideal, a fact incidental to the general character of the work', and thus makes a point too often overlooked by writers on statistical syntax.